Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, January 3, 1918 Number 18

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

TACOMA

★ ★

How faint the line of yon hill's grizzled crest;
It mingles with the haze of snow and cloud,
Now fading, like a shred of smoke. A shroud
Lies o'er the rugged grandeur of the west.

Yet my soul knows the mountain there doth rest
Amid the silence, where sad winter bowed
Her head to kiss its peak, majestic, proud,
At the Eternal's pitying behest.

A kiss, the only kiss that winter knows,
Which rests long years upon the mountain's head—
The passion of the awful frozen snows,
Which bears the heat of sun's fierce glist'ning red;
Where on fair summer evening's purple glows,
And stars commune while Luna seeks her bed.

—Francis Neilson

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1918 NUMBER 18

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson.*

It is interesting to know that certain Jewish writers have found Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border" valuable as social history. Abraham Cahan is to review it in Yiddish.

The Public has a word of rebuke to the newspaper "who thinks the whole world warm because its own door is shut." It wisely suggests that the charity editor of such a paper should be in closer contact with the editorial department that boasts "that ours are only imaginary troubles."

Opinions are rife and contradictory as to the personal power and comparative importance of the members of the President's Cabinet. Whatever the final verdict may be concerning the calibre of the men whom President Wilson has gathered around him there is room for the suspicion that in Mr. Wilson's own estimation they are a negligible quantity. His real advisors, if there be any, would seem to be unofficial. Not Lansing but House seems to be the confidential advisor of the President in state affairs. Hoover, Garfield, Rosenwald and other extra cabinet councilors seem to be charged with more than advisory powers by the President. We are not able to discover the significance of these facts. We do not know what to think about it, but it sets us thinking.

Romain Rolland as quoted by the *Conservator* said in April, 1914:

> I, for my part, believe in the necessity of a political revolution of Germany. * * * * * There are spirits in Germany who have broken through the veneration of might whatever its form may be. * * * * * This is also true of England. Though such minds are less numerous there they are not less fearless than with us in France. To the German battlers for liberty I convey my fraternal sympathy. The end for which they are fighting is the liberty of the world. They must win victory, for themselves and for us.

Perhaps these suppressed Germans which the great pacifist had in mind are even now compelling a movement towards a democratic peace which the Kaiser himself is constrained to recognize and pretends to enforce.

The Public for December 21st has a four-column editorial entitled "Mr. Baker's Democracy." It rejoices in the fact that we have a "pacifist and a humanitarian head of the War Department." It asserts that this is our supreme good fortune. It quotes extensively from an address by Mr. Baker recently made before a Southern Society in New York and urges that it should be widely distributed by the Committee on Public Information. This editorial further claims:

> Not since Lincoln's day has any war leader thus sounded the call in an address so lacking in sounding brass—in the buncombe that will be tolerated no longer by the common man—that new sort of common man with his revolutionary habit of measuring all things with the realities of his daily life. And *The Public* ventures the guess that only as that spirit permeates our Government, only to the extent that democracy is applied at home, is maintained and fostered and extended as a vital, effective, dominant force, will our great enterprise command the requisite popular support. That is why Newton D. Baker is a great secretary of war in a sense far transcending considerations of mere military efficiency.

The November number of *The Mountain Herald,* the organ of the Lincoln Memorial University, is a forestry number which sets forth in detail the present status of the Forestry Department of the University, to the study service of which over 2,000 acres of mountain land is made available. No more available

study lands could probably be found anywhere else in the United States for this tract abounds in a wide variety of trees; hard woods, evergreens, basswoods and poplars. This University is still the available school for ox drivers, rail splitters, the axe-craftmen and their children. It is a country where possible Lincolns may be on their way to usefulness and fame. The rare combination of scenery, climate, rustic retirement and the economies combine in commending this school to the attention of many boys and girls far beyond the mountain zone. Lincoln Memorial University has something to give the earnest student that Yale and Harvard do not possess. But there is room enough for all schools and universities in the United States, and the United States has students enough to fill the halls of all its institutions. The peculiar claims of each institution should be considered before the intelligent father or the economic student decides.

The October number of the *Geographic Magazine* was a "Flag Number," resplendent as usual in colors and rich in material. It claims 1,197 flags in full color and 300 additional illustrations in black and white. This gives this number a permanent value. This magazine is nothing if it is not scientific in its claims, and the scholarly world, as we believe, has generally trusted it in its accuracy, but when in its preface of this number we are told that the first flag unfurled was the "multi-hued banner of the rainbow" flung out by Jehovah's own hands we have either a sophomoric rhetorical flight or a belated credulity unilluminated by science. If the *Geographic Magazine* is making a historic event of the deluge it must dispense with the revelations of the spectroscope and will have a hard time to dispose of the historic, geographic and geological lore which is the achievement of science, the delight of the scientist and the inspiration of the intelligent moralist. Among all this mind quickening and heart expanding display of colors in the flags of the world we miss a page devoted to the various attempts at international emblems and flags of peace of which men of science and diplomacy as well as moralists and devotees feel the need of and which is on its way into the heart of the world.

The air of these New Year days is electric with expectation. However cautious the administrative forces of the Allies may be and however suspicious the militarists may be of peace talk or negotiation on the part of the Central Powers, the talk is on. Negotiations have been started and no one can foretell what a new day may bring forth. Copy for *Unity* must go to press during the closing hours of the old year. It will not reach the hands of our readers until 1918 is already three or four days old. We dare venture the hope that the light will be a little cleared and the blessed day of peace be a little nearer, and that 1918 will have fairly started on its career of reconstruction and reconciliation. May it be a season in which the belligerent nations of 1917, instead of their diligent search and tireless exploitation of the sins, shortcomings and cruelties of their foes, will, without palliation of these sins, seek with equal diligence the virtues, heroisms and the promise of their foes, and rejoice in the same, not because of the nationalities they represent but for the common humanities, the internationalities present in all countries. Pending the negotiations that we deem inevitable it is well to recall and to republish as widely as possible President Wilson's word to the Pope in his letter of August 27, 1917:

> "Punitive damages, the dismemberment of Empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues, we deem inexpedient, and in the end worse than futile—no proper basis for a peace of any kind, least of all for an enduring peace."

On these lines we dare hope and in that hope wish all our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

"Young India" is the title of a new periodical published by the Indian Home Rule League of America at 116 Broadway, New York. No. 1 of Volume 1, bearing date of January 18, 1918, is before us. It is modest in size and appearance and unpretentious in its estimate of itself. It is an honest attempt to inform the outside world of the past, present and future of India. It is an attempt to carry on the work. However well informed the editor may be concerning India he reveals but a superficial acquaintance with India's interests in America when he says that "Vivekananda was the first Hindu to arouse any interest in India in the learned circles of this country. * * * Then came Tagore who forced admiration for its literature and art." Surely the best elements in America were profoundly interested in the revealments and leadership of Keshub Chunder Sen, Rama Hun Roy, Mozoomdar, Pundita Ramabai and others. But we welcome this new venture and we will rejoice in its success for we believe her poet, who in many respects is the poet laureate of the modern mystic movement in religion, Tagore, is right in his call:

The call has sped over all countries of the world and men have gathered around thy seat.
The day is come,
But where is India?
Does she still remain hidden, lagging behind?
Let her take up her burden and march with all.
Send her, mighty God, thy message of victory,
O Lord ever awake!

* * * * *

The world's highroads are crowded, resounding with the roar of thy chariot wheels.
The sky is trembling with travellers' songs.
The day is come,
But where is India?
Doors are shut in her house age-worn,
Feeble is her hope, her heart sunk in silence.

Send thy voice to her children who are dumb,
O Lord ever awake!

People there are who have felt thy strength in their own hearts and sinews,
And have earned life's fulfilment, conquering fear.
The day is come,
But where is India?
Strike thy blow at her self-suspicion and despair!
Save her from the dread of her own pursuing shadow,
O Lord ever awake!

The Red Cross

In the war of Italy and France against Austria in 1859, a great battle was fought on the hills above Desenzano, at the foot of the blue lake of Garda. Then on the field of Solferino more than forty thousand men lay for three days under the hot June sun of Lombardy, the prey of flies and mosquitoes. In those merciless times a wounded soldier, like a broken musket, was cast aside as not worth saving. It happened, however, that Henri Dunant of Geneva, coming as a tourist to Verona, was led by curiosity to go out and see the battle-field. In his "Souvenir of Solferino" he touched almost the first modern humane note in regard to war. This, he said, is no field of glory, "it is a European calamity." So he set to work, with the people of the neighborhood, to relieve the suffering of that awful day. Dunant's influence led to the Geneva convention, from which arose the Red Cross movement the world over, to relieve the sufferers in the path of war. He died at Heiden in Switzerland in 1910, after having received the Nobel Peace Prize in consideration of his efforts, not for Peace directly but to make war a shade less hideous.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

CHRISTMAS : : 1917

". . . my heart shall not fear, though war should rise against me."—Psalm 27:3

The fields are waste in Flanders,
The pleasant fields and gay,
The orchards and the garden-plots
That wooed the summer day,
All blasted by the breath of war,
Are turned to dust and clay.

But still the morning lark on high
Showers her music through the sky!

The villages in Flanders
Are desolate and lone,
The pretty homesteads broken lie
In scattered heaps of stone,
While up and down the vacant streets
The night-winds call and moan.

But gently still the morning star
Shines like an altar-light afar!

The battle-hosts in Flanders
Are torn with shot and shell;
The living smite the living down,
The dead lie where they fell;
The cratered plains with smoke and flame
Are terrible as hell.

But still the angels sing to men,
And Christ the Lord is born again!

—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

What If We Had Sense?

It is difficult to preserve our stock of common sense when we get into any kind of quarrel, and most of all in war time. The old animal that lurks in all of us, and is stirred up by our anger or pride, has no sense or humanity. It is hard for the United States, having entered the war, and having involved the national pride to show our power and win a victory, to pause a moment, so as to be sure that we are on the track of good sense and right reason. "Beat the Germans first and *think afterwards*," we say. But suppose a sudden accession of plain common sense, with enough human sympathy to sweeten it, came to us for a day or two, what would occur to do that we have never yet done? Or, to put the question in another form: Suppose we had sense enough to care more how to bring the war to an honorable conclusion than we now care to fight it out and conquer peace, or than we care to see Germany humiliated and punished, what should we set out at once to do?

We should undoubtedly seek to find out what is truly in the minds of our opponents. The great issue now is, not to know just how the war began, or how much blame rests upon the German government, or even what plans the Kaiser had at the beginning of the war. The *status quo* can never return. We need badly to know, and no one has seriously tried to know, what Germany is willing to do today, so as to re-enter with all the rest of us into a more decent and peaceful family of nations. The old cautious and conventional mode of approach of the diplomats does not serve in this crisis. We need to begin by telling the truth, namely: "We are all tired and sick of this awful welter of blood; we cannot bear to go on to the slaughter of multitudes more of our German brothers unless you compel us. We have suspected that you wish to conquer the world; your treatment of Belgium and your seeming consent to the destruction of the Armenians have surprised and shocked us. But we like to believe that you will never again stand for such things; we reflect that war itself is one vast barbarity. We have all shared in keeping up the horrid system. We allies have no clean hands among us. Tell us now if you are not willing to join with us in the greatest effort ever made by man on this planet to put war away, to break down the forts and barriers that keep peoples apart, to put navies out of commission and make the seas free and safe; to disband our armies, to give every nation equal opportunity to work out a civilized life in co-operation with the others, and never again in enmity! Will you Germans bring into this enterprise the power and determination which you have shown in this futile business of war? If so, we will stop killing each other, and we will go to work at once to repair in every honorable way the ravages which war has made."

"Foolish words," some one says. Yes, if we take counsel of our impatience or enmity, but not if our good sense is at work. "But how could we trust a Prussian?" Not at all, if we approach him in the attitude of suspicion and fear. Why not go to him as one man to a brother man? Why not try this? For it has not been tried yet. "But how can we get at the Germans at all to say anything?" Not surely by standing off and writing letters for the world at large.

What did our government do when they very much desired to keep Russia in the war? We sent our ablest men to see and talk with the Russian authorities. If we desire to have peace, why not do the same thing now? If we took a week for this, if we took the Christmas or New Year holidays, would it hurt the fighting men to wait for a week till we could see what would happen?

Suppose, then the worst. Suppose that our noblest men (and women, too?), going on their humane errand, found the others inexorable in their will to destroy us? I think the most radical pacifist, knowing this (which seems most preposterous to believe), would agree that we must proceed in whatever way we most successfully could to restrain a group of the insane. All *enmity* would cease; we could have only pity. But if we still had to use any of the methods of war, should we not make henceforth our one aim *not* to battle with innocent German soldiers, but to concentrate our efforts, perhaps now by the help of the Germans themselves, possibly by reiterated aerial descents upon Prussian headquarters to put the demented group out of power?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plains, Dec. 16, 1917.

The Child and the War

"When peace comes there will be many children who have no clear recollection of anything before the war. In after years, when they turn back—as we all turn—to scrutinize their memories, they will see a red dawn, and recognize their earliest selves in the light of a stormy morning. To them, as children, the signs of tempest portended nothing—they rejoiced in the crimson light.

What is the war to a child today? To one to whom it has not meant the loss of his nearest and dearest it is simply a pageant of the imagination. His day dreams are illumined by it. . . He does not want to get away from the thought of it, as his elders do; he knows nothing of the wild recurrent wish which comes to them to bar it out of their minds. . . At heart all children have something in them of the savage, and even under the most civilized conditions that something shows. The time-honored game of battle is now more absorbing than ever. The make-believe is easier now that the world is peopled with men in uniform, and delight savors of duty. There is something of ritual in the ancestral game, and primitive man thirsts for ritual, for fighting, and for the semblance at least of sacrifice; but it must be sacrifice on the altar of glory. Of the highest kind of sacrifice—of open-eyed self-immolation—a child, in the nature of things, can know nothing.

The thought of his country's defeat is a thought impossible to a child. Those who are in the right must win. Goodness always succeeds. All his experience tells him this and the better brought up he is the more is this fallacious certainty borne in upon him. At the root of it lies the fact that only a cruelly ill-used child can make the distinction between right and might. Are not both always upon the side of his parents? The moral outlook to a child is simply a vision of God against the wicked, those feeble wicked whose day is so short and whose dumbfounding, by one method or another, so sure.

To him, then, the conflict which now touches his life at every turn is one into which he can throw his whole being, his dramatic imagination, his power of self-abnegation, his high spirits, his justice-loving conscience—his all. His vague, false, childish conception of history, his nursery picture of crusaders and armadas, Royalists and Roundheads, knights and dragons, aeroplanes and big guns, has come to life. . .

But if children are born disciplinarians—and in a sense they are born militarists—they are also logical. The command to love his enemies gives the modern child occasional pause. "What does it mean, that part of 'the reading' in church?" he asks. Probably in the First Lesson or the Psalms he may find a city of refuge for his soul, or perhaps, if he confides in his mother, she will explain to him that it is the nursery maid or his eldest little cousin, not the enemies of his country, for whom the Scripture demands his forbearance. Most probably he will cast aside both ideals as impossible and go on with his dream of war and joy. He has not awakened, he has only turned over. Nevertheless the thought of "the reading" may recur. The following is a true story: "Could we not have made a plan instead of making war?" said a little boy of six years old, who had been constantly exhorted to resort to maternal arbitration instead of using his fists, and instructed in the practical side of religion. It was explained to him that "a plan" would never have been accepted by the enemy, would have been, in this case, impossible. "Would it have been impossible if we had had God in?" he asked. No doubt the scruple was soon at rest.

We do not think that raids seem to children as part of war. They are undoubtedly frightened by them. It is alarming to be dragged to the cellar at night, and very dull and disagreeable to have to sit there in the day. The drama, however, may be to most children worth an occasional fright. It does not wake the boy from the war dream—the only thing that can do that is bad news for himself and his mother. Suppose his father is killed—and suppose that he is also his hero—then the dream disperses. It fades before one of two sensations. A deep sense of revenge may come to him, a knowledge of what the Avenger in man has felt from all time. It is born of the human justice and the animal instinct of retaliation which have met together in his loving yet savage little heart. If he is old enough to feel deep sorrow—that is, to realize, not the horror of death, which is physical, but the sense of missing, in its highest degree, which is of the soul, though not, we hope, eternal—then he will never be a child again, and war, however he comes to regard it, if he lives to be a general, an archbishop, or a conscientious objector, will always be war. But the experience may take him differently. He may have no sense of revenge. Whether he has or no is largely a temperamental question. The sword in his own heart may reveal to him that sorrow is not a thing confined to himself, or even to those whom he loves, or even those whom he approves. It is the great black cloud of which no skies are clear, which threatens the just and the unjust, and obscures the division which once seemed so clear between them. Sick at heart, he looks back upon his dream, which decomposes, and cannot recompose because he stands now in broad daylight, face to face with the actual."

The Spectator (London), Sept. 22, 1917.

THE PULPIT

1917
An Annual Review

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at Abraham Lincoln Centre, December 29, 1917.

Cease the clamor of the hour, stay the speeding wheels today, lift us, Father, on to the heights whereon we may scan the past profitably and face the future heroically.

Father, we thank thee for the unfolding revelations of the year gone. We thank thee that when we could not read the lesson of the sunshine thou hast taught us through the awful revelations of the storm. We thank thee, Father, that mid the strife and clash of arms there abides forever the eternal calm. Help us father to rest in the unchangeable, to trust in the eternal, to lay new hold of the deathless things that make for peace and love. Forgotten be the things that divide in the strength and power of the things that unite.

We thank thee for the tears, the frost, the storm, for they wash clean the eye, purify the air and prepare the way for the sunshine out of which spring flowers and fruit.

Make us, Father, this morning a part of thy peace; may we partake of thy eternal calm. Amen.

As has been my custom for thirty-five years, I bring to the closing minutes of this year some rough estimate of its contribution to life and progress.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN is my text.

The angel of history first chastens, then guides the spirit of man. In the estimate of our losses we learn to discover our gains. Death is the final, inevitable and unquestioned statistician: by its triumphs do we discover the values of life.

The year 1917, which summons us this morning to our accounting, has been a year of storms, tempests and blights that have devastated unripe cornfields and broken down orchards laden with immature fruits. But, as if to atone for the holocaust of uncounted battlefields, the death angel has shown an unwonted benignity in its ingatherings. There are but few names in the harvest-home roll that represent international fame or world wide bereavement. As I look over the roll I find those who have known the power of a long life and have enriched the world through the long accumulation of years.

Early in the year Alonzo A. Loper, said to be the last survivor of those present at the original meeting that called the Republican party into existence at Ripon, Wisconsin, in 1854, passed away having lived eighty-seven years. Brigadier-General Edwin Lewis Hayes, also one of the founders of the Republican party, and a veteran of the Civil War, lived to see ninety-seven years. Major-General Peter J. Osterhaus, one of the gallant group of those who in their struggle for liberty and their love of the same sought this country in the tempestuous year of 1848, and rendered gallant service in the Civil War, lived to be ninety-four years of age. Among the adventurous spirits gone to their rest must be counted Colonel Cody, or "Buffalo Bill," who reached his seventy-first year, and Jack Crawford, another famous Indian scout, who added to his adventures on the frontier success as a poet and lecturer, reached his three-score and ten. Count von Zeppelin, whose name is associated with great triumphs conceived in the interest of civilization, though temporarily deflected in the interest of destruction, rested in his seventy-ninth year. John M. Studebaker, whose industrial triumphs were so fundamental that they could scarcely be spoiled by war or by hatred, the pioneer plow and wagon maker, lived to be eighty-four years old. Richard Olney, attorney general and secretary of state under Cleveland, died this year at eighty-two.

Dr. Ephraim Cutter, the Massachusetts surgeon, who discovered the tuberculosis cattle test, died at eighty-five. Joseph H. Choate, so long our honored ambassador to Great Britain and closely identified with the higher interests of New York, was gathered in at eighty-five.

William De Morgan, the great novelist, reached his seventy-seventh year.

Admiral Dewey, through whose exploitation in Manila Bay one beautiful Sunday morning the United States *fell* into the opportunities and ambitions of becoming a world power, left us at seventy-nine.

Perhaps the most brilliant star in the American heavens who passed out of mortal sight during the year was the beloved, many handed and many sided Frank Sanborn, the friend, teacher and biographer of Henry Thoreau. He was the last of that illuminated circle of Concord Transcendentalists, near neighbor in thought as well as in location to Emerson, the last of the great Abolitionist leaders. Eighty-five years found him still young, fertile and suggestive.

The art world seems to have suffered most heavily during the year. Albert P. Ryder, pronounced by some the greatest American imaginative painter, left us at seventy. Moses Ezekiel, the distinguished American sculptor, left us at seventy-two. Luther Bradley, the cartoonist of our *Daily News*, who preached a message of love and brotherhood through his pencil, died prematurely at sixty-three. The most famous, and perhaps by common consent the most eminent, sculptor of the world, the Frenchman, Auguste Rodin, left us at seventy-seven.

Mrs. Pauline A. Durant, who with her husband founded Wellesley College, passed to her rest during the year. Dr. Charles Braddock, famous for his work in ridding Siam of cholera and smallpox, accomplished his life work in the short space of fifty-four years.

Dr. Isaac N. Atwood, the venerable and venerated Dean of the Universalist ministry, left us at eighty.

American letters suffered a loss in the death of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, the southern novelist. And progressive Judaism mourns what seems the untimely death of Dr. Joseph Leonard Levy of Pittsburg, a man of great power, devoted to the cause of peace and all such humanitarian interests. He fell in the midst of his work at forty-one. Our own modest, industrious and successful city librarian, Mr. Henry Edouard Legler, died in the midst of great usefulness and a career ever growing.

But the roll is too long. These lives that have cast their far shadows across continents are but representatives, and each heart has its own mausoleum, each society its beloved dead and translated spirits.

From our own household we mourn the faithful souls who were so instant in season and out of season in our work. Mrs. Lucy Stone Adams, Mrs. Agnes K. Shepherd, Mrs. Emma Worden, Miss Kate Manierre, Mrs. Lydia E. Quaw and lastly Mrs. Carrie Collins Reed, beloved of our children, whose assistance to the fathers and mothers in our parish

as a long time superintendent of our Sunday School, is more fully appreciated and understood now her service is withdrawn.

Among our immediate family of religious workers, comrades of the open faith, James G. Townsend, who through years of suffering was a tireless contributor to UNITY from the eastward, the very venerable sage and philosopher of Syracuse, Samuel R. Calthorp, and Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes, the pioneer woman preacher in the far West, have entered into their rest.

While compiling this list there comes the announcement of the death of the Rev. E. G. Updyke of Wisconsin, a neighbor, comrade and colleague. For thirty years he was pastor of the Congregational Church at Madison, Wisconsin. Pre-eminently he was the unofficial chaplain of the great university. Thousands of its students who waited upon his ministry will mourn the death of one who was to them leader and seer. For many years his name was among the editorial contributors of UNITY. He was a forward looking man in the pulpit. It was fitting that on Christmas Eve his bodily eyes should close, for suddenly there was seen a radiance round about the Madison pulpit and an angel chorus was heard by the thoughtful as they interpreted his life in the Christmas song, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

From the closed lips and the missing hands of friends translated during the year let us turn to take some note of the year's contributions to the book shelves of the thoughtful. Letters, I love to say, constitute the primal revelation and words are the things that last the longest. Could we hold the year at arm's length and judge it as it will appear ten years hence, we would probably discover its true value in the books that survived.

While I fail to discover in the near confusion any one masterful contribution either in prose or in poetry, certainly there has been no dearth of helpful books and inspiring reading. Perhaps more than the average have books been welcomed into the ministry of this desk. I have found sermon values in the three books of H. G. Wells (Macmillan) that have gathered around "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," by William H. Davies, "Above the Battle" (Open Court), by Romain Rolland, Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" (Doran), the recent two volume "Life and Letters of Robert Collyer" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), by John Haynes Holmes, and Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillan).

A new book by Winston Churchill always commands attention. The "Dwelling Place of Light" (Macmillan) has come to us within the year.

In addition to the biographies already referred to, the "Life of Franklin Spencer Spaulding" (Macmillan), the live bishop of Utah, and of our own lamented "Henry Baird Favill," are books full of inspiration and have permanent claims upon the intelligent. Margaret Pease's book entitled "Jean Jaures," the great French socialist and humanitarian, "Starr King in California" (Paul Elder), by my friend William Day Simonds, and Andreyev's "The Confessions of a Little Man During Great Days" (Knopf) are life helping books. The latter came to us from Russia on the eve of the great Russian surprise. Whether it is the life of a real or fictitious character it is hard to tell; it is probably both, equally valuable in either case.

A two-volume "Life and Letters" of Edward Everett Hale, by his son, another two-volume "Life of John Fiske," by John Spencer Clark, the story of Henry Thoreau by his old friend, F. B. Sanborn, and two rich volumes of "Letters," by Mark Twain, are among the books my heart craves but which my hand has not yet received.

The quadro-centennial of Protestantism brought a flood of Luther literature, no volume of which is perhaps more suggestive and fitting than a critical study of "Luther's Hymns," fifty of them, many of them accompanied with musical interpretations from the hand of the great German commoner, whose hymns persuaded more than his arguments, and whose humanitarian sympathies counted for more than his theological heresies.

Of course the war brought more war literature than the maddening fury of the time could do justice to. The titles of the books that have lodged on my table are at least suggestive of the year's thinking and, let us hope, prophetic of the year's contribution to civilization. "A League to Enforce Peace," by Robert Goldsmith, with an introduction by President Lowell, is perhaps as authoritative an exposition of that movement as is available. Theodore Marburg, the United States minister to Belgium before the war, has discussed the subject further under the title of "A League of Nations, A Chapter in the History of the Movement." Dr. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, has a searching little book entitled "Religion in a World at War." All these books are from the press of Macmillan. Scribner's have published a little book entitled "The Basis of Durable Peace," written at the invitation of the *New York Times*, the writer of which masks behind the name "Cosmos." A very slender little book with a very big in-reaching title, offers a mind cure treatment of war. "Think Peace" is the invitation. It is certainly true that thinking of war brings war, has brought war. I believe that it is equally true that thinking of peace, talking of peace, praying for peace, will bring peace. Frederick Lynch, Secretary of the Church Peace Union, a fertile writer and a tireless worker on these lines, has put his thoughts into a little book entitled "The Christian in War Time," with effective additional chapters by Drs. Jefferson, Speer, Hull and Clark (Revell).

Bertrand Russell next to Romain Rolland is the major prophet of the peace movement, and his "Why Men Fight" and "Political Ideals" are to be classed among the high thought books of the year.

Our own Chicago Carnovale has produced in "Why Italy Entered Into the Great War," which I have already mentioned at length in UNITY, what is to my mind unquestionably the most valuable contribution to European political history that has been inspired by the war. It is a book that will stay on the shelf of the student, and whoever undertakes to deal with Italian subjects or interests will have to reckon with this book. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that it has received remarkable recognition, commanding the attention of leading journals on both sides of the Atlantic.

But by common consent Henri Barbusse, the

Frenchman, has given us the most searching and literary successful interpretation of war found in the year's output. "Under Fire," first Englished in August last, has already reached its eighth printing. It is said that over a hundred thousand copies have been sold in France. It received the prize award early in Paris by the Academie Gon court for the best work done during the year. It is a book relentless in its realism, subtle in its psychology, awful in its revelations, convincing and clear in its conclusion, which is reached by the mind of the reader with no need of a suggestion from the brilliant author. In this book war is unmasked and appears in its true nature, a barbarous survival of brute instincts with no redeeming features raised to its nth power by the discoveries of science and the organized capital of civilization.

The Lincoln books continue to come; three or four this year, and there is room for more, for the story is yet far from being beaten into the clear and the appreciation of the real Lincoln is still farther behind our pretentions. Lord Charnwood is the first of Englishmen to set himself seriously to the task of understanding and interpreting the great American, and barring certain regrettable, almost inexcusable, crudities and inaccuracies concerning the ancestry, boyhood and early manhood of "Abraham Lincoln" (Henry Holt), his appreciation is fine, his insight true. On the whole the Abraham Lincoln of public life has perhaps received no more just handling than at the hands of this appreciative Englishman. It is sad to record that Alonzo Rothschild, whose volume on "Lincoln, Master of Men" was followed this year by his "Honest Abe, A Study in Integrity" (Houghton Mifflin), has been thwarted in his high purpose of giving us a series of Lincoln studies for which he had prepared himself most carefully. He early retired from a successful business, surrounded himself with a comprehensive library, selected a retired spot far from the maddening crowd and settled down to his task. But in the midst of it, while still a young man, the willing hand was palsied and the closing chapter in this book is a revealing life of this author by his son. Mr. Rothschild was Jewish in extraction, Russian in his origin, free in his mind, universal in his religious sympathies, all of which helped fit the man to understand and appreciate Abraham Lincoln. "Lincoln's Cooper Institute Speech" is the title of a thin little book from the hand of Henry B. Rankin, one of the few men still surviving who can say I knew Lincoln and knew him well. Mr. Rankin's "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln" is one of the best interpretations of Lincoln's heart now available. As a boy and a young man Mr. Rankin was permitted to come very close to that heart. In his youth he was first office boy and then a student of law in Lincoln's office. Miss Ida Tarbell, who has done so much research work concerning the obscure Lincoln, has revised and brought out a new two-volume edition of her work, which is said to contain some important revisions and fresh discoveries, but of these I am not able to speak, for as yet I have not been able to put this edition on my shelf.

The marvel of the year is also a human paradox. Why should this awful year of war and rumors of war, this year of tremendous financial anxieties, of great fortunes and great sufferings, pour out the unparalleled flood of poetry, much of it of a superior quality? My own shelves contain over forty bound volumes of poetry bearing the imprint of 1917, and this represents only a portion of the output. So interesting is this shelf that, as you will see from my January announcement, I am about to undertake a series of eight weekly interpretations in current poetry on successive Monday nights in the parsonage. Consequently I will not undertake even an outline of the field this morning. But take my word for it the minstrel and the prophet never were more successfully blended and the agitations of the human heart never more successfully found escape in song than is realized by some of these modern singers. When such a study is made it will probably appear that the pre-eminent quality as well as the quantity of these songs of faith and love are borne out of the heart of women. I suppress the impulse to name them, but you are invited to come and hear some of them interpreted by my voice.

A large part of my year's reading was interpreted in some after-vacation studies printed in the September issues of UNITY, and again I avoid repetition.

Of books dealing with religious topics, there is no dearth this year. The most obtrusive fact concerning the output of the religious press, to one who undertakes to survey the whole field, is the slow but sure disappearance of the orthodox lines. The radical books of the year come from conservative centers.

If past experience and present signs will not disappoint, Professor Rauschenbusch's book, just out, "A Theology for the Social Gospel" (Macmillan), will be one of the marked books of the year. He has already made himself the major prophet of the socializing movement inside the churches. A professor in a Baptist Theological School, he has maintained his position in "good standing" apparently because of his devotion to the New Testament and his enthusiasm in interpreting the message of the Nazarene in terms of social well-being. He joins with the radicals outside of the church, unfortunately some of them antagonistic to the church, in teaching that the message of Jesus must concern itself with the well-being of society, and that the Nazarene spoke as a social protestant, feeling the burden of the conventional conservatism of his time. Professor Rauschenbusch has seized with great power and clearness the fact that the individual gospel which teaches the sinfulness of every human heart must be enlarged and intensified with a sense of community sin which can be remedied only by community readjustments. He says we are becoming more sensitive about the collective sins in which we are involved, and he furnishes abundant and telling evidence of this fact. After stating these principles with splendid clearness, in the first three chapters, he proceeds to interpret the accepted doctrines of the orthodox creed in terms of neighborhood well-being and co-operation: "Salvation," "Consciousness of Sin," "The Fall of Man," "The Kingdom of Evil," "The Kingdom of God," and similar topics are discussed from the standpoint of one who believes that the dogmatic tendencies in early Christendom have misapprehended the temper and purpose of the early Christian movement. It is a book which cannot be dismissed either by the orthodox preacher or the socialist leader. Its pages reflect a candid thinker and a free mind and must be reckoned with by the be-

lievers in the church and the ones who still believe that the pulpit can be made a freer platform than any other instituted rostrum from which the public is to be instructed. The press is far more muzzled than the pulpit that is occupied by a growing number of the pupils of Professor Rauschenbusch.

Next to the enviable reputation won by the Rochester professor, comes Harry F. Ward, Professor of Social Service in the Methodist University School of Theology in Boston. His latest book is "The Labor Movement from the Standpoint of Religious Values" (Sturgis & Walton). It is a book that deserves and will command wide reading and careful study. These six lectures, first delivered from the Ford Hall Open Forum in Boston, discuss "Trades Unions," "Socialism," "Syndicalism," "The Demand for Leisure," "The Demand for Income," "Violence and its Causes," "Labor and the Law," and "Democracy in Industry." Those who know Mr. Ward know well that he is a sympathetic interpreter and is anxious to co-operate with all these movements. But all his admirers are not equally willing to remember and to give due credit to the fact that he is a church man, a Methodist in whom there is no guile, a maker of preachers, in which work he is successful. The reformers who would leave the church out of consideration reckon without their host.

George Albert Coe is another representative of a theological school, a Professor in Union Theological Seminary, which has some kind of a restored relationship to the Presbyterian Church. His book is "A Social Theory of Religious Education" (Scribner), and is dedicated to "Harry F. Ward, who sees and makes others see." Professor Coe has a good word to say for theorizers, and he looks at modern education and Christianity itself from the social standpoint. In Part V he discusses the tendencies in Christian education viewed from the social standpoint. There are the Roman Catholic, the Dogmatic Protestant, the Ritualistic Protestant types to be discussed, and the educational tendencies of evangelicalism and liberalism, and a valuable bibliography.

From over the seas comes George Lansbury's "Your Part of Poverty." The author, if not the book, is heartily endorsed by the Bishop of Winchester, who vouches for his "fellow-churchman," who discusses the interests of "Workmen," "Women and Children," of "Business," "Churches," and "What We Must Do." Huebsch is the American publisher.

Dr. Arthur S. Hoyt is Professor of *Homiletics* and *Sociology* of the Auburn Theological Seminary. Note the significant combination. Probably the best help toward better preaching is a tighter grip on something to preach. If the professor of Sociology does effective work, the professor of Homiletics has largely accomplished his purpose. The title of Dr. Hoyt's book is: "The Work of Preaching." (Macmillan.)

But the year's output of thoughtful books from thoughtful men gives no encouragement to those easy critics of religion who are ready to urge that the world has lost interest in theology, and that the profound problems of soul, its origin and its destiny, are to be supplanted by so-called "practical interests," "social adjustments," "physical environment" and "economic legislation." Professor George A. Barton of Bryn Mawr College, in a little volume of 300 pages, has brought "The Religions of the World" (University of Chicago Press) within study reach of the intelligent teacher and parent and within the comprehension of the Sunday School child who is weary if not ashamed of his Sunday School relations because of the inanity and platitudes of the conventional courses issued by the ton by would-be providers of Sunday School instruction—the stupid, conservative lessons offered in the Sunday School that so belie, oftentimes, the more intelligent and progressive teachings of the preachers in the same church.

Professor Herbert L. Willett, our neighbor across the way, has done for "Our Bible" what Professor Barton has done for the Religions of the World—told in a simple, graphic way what everybody ought to know about our Bible. In this book, published by the Christian Century Press in Chicago, is given the results of Higher Criticism, which lift the whole subject above dogmatic lines. There is no "orthodox" and no "heterodox" when you come to study "How the Books Took Form," "The Makers of the Books," "The Growth of the Canon," "The Testimony of the Monuments" or "The Literary and Spiritual Appreciation of the Contents." Because this is the latest of many, many attempts in this direction, it ought to be the best. Heretofore writers on these subjects have had other critical students in mind. Now the time has come when the laity, the common people, should be kept in mind. Dr. Willett's success in this direction is well known in Chicago, where he is one of the most popular University Extension lecturers.

"Simon, Son of Man," by John I. Riegel and John H. Jordan (Sherman, French & Co.), is a more "learned" work, if we may use that word without being misunderstood. It is an attempt to dig down and dig back along etymological, archaeological and historical lines to the roots of the Christian movement, the ultimate conclusion of which seems to be much the same as that reached by Professor Rauschenbusch and his associates. To estimate the value and soundness of these discussions is beyond the purpose of this pulpit or the competency of this preacher.

Not all of the books that have come to my table are "Christian" either in origin or in vocabulary. The venerable and venerated Professor Gotthard Deutsch of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati has put out two volumes from the press of the Bloch Publishing Company of New York with the significant title of "Scrolls." These volumes, dedicated to the alumni of the college, are obviously chips from the workshop of a very busy student, prepared with the Jewish constituency in mind, but they contain the result of life-long studies, and happy is the Christian parish who has a minister that will find pulpit material in these volumes. Twelve of these essays are annual reviews, which, according to the Christian chronology, reach from 1903 to 1914. But the volumes also include, among other topics, articles on "The Philosophy of Jewish History," "The Century from 1815 to 1915," "History Repeats Itself," and "Everybody Says So," among many other topics. I am glad of this chance to speak a word of love and admiration for this friend of mine in connection with these interpretative studies at this time, for according to the newspapers he has been spoken ill of by the functionaries of a government that owes so much to

him and his people and has so much more to expect from a man whose patriotism is rooted deep in human love and whose loyalty to the government is measured by the only true measure of loyalty, loyalty to his convictions, loyalty to the truth revealed in science and history, loyalty to man and to God.

In a much simpler way than in "Simon, Son of Man," Ray O. Miller seems to travel the same road in his little book entitled "Modernist Studies in the Life of Jesus" (Sherman, French & Co.), in which is discussed "Transient and Permanent Elements in the Life of Jesus," "Jesus, the Fulfiller," and "The Religion of Tomorrow," in which the moral grandeur, beautiful spirituality and the dauntless courage of Jesus are set forth.

Mary Taylor Blauvelt, in a little book dedicated "To her pupils, old and new," gives the result of thirteen years of Bible teaching, and treats of the "Ultimate Ideals," "The Poor in Spirit," "The Meek," "They That Mourn," "The Pure in Heart." (Sherman, French & Co.)

Walter E. Brandenburg, being apparently alarmed at the rationalistic and materialistic tendencies which he traces to Germany, has undertaken to counteract this influence in a little work which he calls "The Philosophy of Christian Being" (Sherman, French & Co.). The work is introduced by I. N. McCash, President of Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma. Does this indicate that there is still a valiant orthodoxy on the western frontier?

"Patriotism and Radicalism" (Sherman, French & Co.), is the title of a book of addresses and letters by Mercer Green Johnston. As might be suspected, Patriotism is a word that lends itself to those who have it in for the Pacifist. There is a chapter on "Paxomaniacs, or Pacifists Run Mad," in which he proves by the dictionary the ignoble and preposterous character of those who accept the name. It is written by a "pastor" who is now with the ambulance corps in France—a man of the Rooseveltian type. The temper, if not the argument, the spirit, if not the logic, puts the book into the class that dies early. It will never reach a second edition. Peace to its ashes!

The Far East must continue to enlist the attention and to command the study of the most Western of western men. The Pacific opens the new way, as the Atlantic has been the old way, to travel and commerce, science and philosophy. Mr. J. T. Sunderland has given us a study of the Civilization of Japan, and "England's Debt to India" is historically studied in a book of 350 pages crammed tight with figures by a native, Lajpat Rai (Huebsch), who has before written of "Young India." We think of India as the land of poetry and philosophy, but here is a man who revels in figures, a man of statistics and percentages. The economists must take up the subject of India, even should the philanthropists and the humanitarians weary of it.

We cannot always linger among the immortals. Much of the beauty and joy of the reading world come from reading the books that are the children of a day. They come and are forgotten, but they have left the world a little tenderer, and life a little brighter. Such a book is Charles W. Wendte's little study of the "Christmas Time" (The Beacon Press), just arrived. Mr. Wendte was the forerunner of myself in this section. He dealt out Christmas joys in fire-swept Chicago, and has here told the story of it. He manufactured artificial snow for the children of the Sunday School in Starr King's parish in San Francisco. Here are tender stories of the bedridden "Spider-Boy," "Christmas in the Trenches," "The Empty Sleeve." Each story is followed by a Christmas carol of his own composing. I hope that the book will survive so as to get on our Christmas lists for next year.

Dr. Edward A. Steiner, whose books are so full of virility when he travels the "Trail of the Immigrant," and teaches us about "Nationalizing America," has been all too silent this year. His name, though not his speech, betrayeth him, but his little story of "My Doctor Dog" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) makes the silence less intense. All dog lovers will rejoice in the book.

"The Tender Pilgrims," by Edgar DeWitt Jones, D. D. (Christian Century Press), of the Disciples fraternity, is a timely little sermon in behalf of children from the text found hidden away in Genesis, "The children are tender. . . . I will lead on gently . . . according to the pace of the children."

It is a happy and rare combination that permits a successful Chicago lawyer to be also an enthusiastic bird lover and a familiar of the poets. Beautiful in workmanship and rich in material is the elegant volume entitled "Twelve Months with the Birds and Poets," by Samuel A. Harper, with illustrations that really illustrate by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. The bird calendar begins with April and ends with March. Some hundred different poets, ranging from Joyce Kilmer, one of the latest bird lovers, back to Shakespeare, are permitted to come into court and testify to the beauty and the meaning of the birds, oftentimes to render his song into human speech. The knowledge that such a book can be compiled by a man who spends his days in the "Loop district" makes life in Chicago more endurable and our hope in man is re-enforced.

Lastly in the list of preacher books comes a dignified, impressive volume which the Macmillan Company have brought across the seas. It is entitled "Immortality, An Essay in Discovery, Co-ordinating Scientific, Psychical and Biblical Research." It may be characterized as an academic, scholastic extension of the discussion which Sir Oliver Lodge, in his notable book entitled "Raymond," has projected, and which I have already taken into this pulpit. It is a joint work by eminent men in the Episcopal Church. "The Mind and Brain, or Immortality from the Standpoint of Science," is discussed by Dr. Hadfield, Surgeon of the Royal Navy. "The Resurrection of the Dead and the Life of the World to Come" is discussed by Canon Streeter; "The Bible and Hell" by Rev. Dr. Emmet, Vicar of West Hendred. "The Good and Evil of Spiritualism," "The Reincarnation," "Theosophy" and "The Undiscovered Country" are discussed by the author of *"Pro Christo et Ecclesia."* This book of 400 pages is learned, sometimes abstruse, but it will reward study both by doubters and believers. However hard it is to believe in immortality, it is harder to get along without it, and that such a book should come to us in the year in which the

sky is obscured by powder smoke and the song of the lark is drowned by the roar of cannon is an amazing proof that humanity is still at work on the everlasting problems of duty, death and destiny. Even a so-called "world-war" is only a surface interruption, a passing incident in the great unfolding drama of humanity. The real questions of the day are the questions of the centuries. The deliverances of Kaiser, King and President are of trifling importance; they will pass, but the questions discussed by this book will remain. The world will still wait for the message of the prophet, the dictum of the sage, the dreams and hopes of the super-national man.

Readers of UNITY will remember with pleasure and gratitude the contributions of Doctor Smith Baker of Utica that have stretched through many years. Dr. Baker was introduced to the UNITY family by the loyal E. P. Powell of blessed memory. Dr. Baker contributed to the UNITY columns various series of articles on books, social problems, and notably a course on "Higher Living." With due acknowledgment made to UNITY, this course has been elaborated into a volume fresh from the press of Sherman, French & Company. These thirty chapters range through the entire well-being of the spiritual man. Dr. Baker is indeed a Christian Scientist of the right type—a physician who through many years of successful "practicing" studied and ministered to the body, regarding it as the house not made with hands, a temple of the spirit. But through all these years he also recognized the psychical entity as well as the physical and he knew how to minister to a mind diseased. It is with peculiar pleasure that I received this book with the loving inscription from the man who has put the evening hours of his life to such good use. Does the newly born being lay claim to you? Does the young child's activities perplex you? Are you alarmed at his lying and stealing, and at the irregularities of adolescence? Are you troubled over the problems of getting and of spending, of the wedding day and of the bereaved day? All these are considered in this very sane book written by a very wise and true man—one whose religion because liberated is liberal, because free, is devout. He speaks with confidence because he is above dogmatism.

Events of the Year.

To say that 1917 has been an eventful year is to fail to characterize a year so full of far reaching triumphs and defeats, so laden with world surprises that it will require a century to place it in its proper perspective. Nineteen hundred and seventeen will be a pivotal year in the story of twenty centuries. The war, the awful war, the culmination of wickedness, the sum of all villainies, has precipitated the slow moving tendencies of the centuries into radiant beauty like that which rewards the slow and hidden chemistry of the century plant with a burst of glory in a single night.

Even at this close range at the end of the year we can count some of the century blossoms as full of beauty and fragrance as a night blooming cereus.

Russia has dethroned her Czar. The world has awakened first to the uselessness, then to the wastefulness and lastly to the wickedness of alcoholic indulgences. In our own country state after state has joined the dry column, and at last the national government has placed itself at the head of the column by the passage of the Prohibition Amendment which is to marshal the states into line.

The woman's cause has been moved triumphantly forward during the year. New York, the stronghold of conservatism, burdened with a halting foreign born population, has broken through the eastern front and granted to its women equal privileges at the ballot box with the men. This act was not so much a granting of "rights" as a calling for help. Woman has been summoned to the task of citizenship because there was dire need of the sanity, sobriety and purity of her as yet uncorrupted citizenship.

There were no events of a national character during 1917 that were not of international significance. The interests of the humblest laborer, the affairs of the most obscure family, the problems of hamlet and metropolis are willy nilly world interests and must be measured by the yard stick of the world historian. Internationalism is the coming white word of civilization and religion and 1917 has been teaching us to spell our devotion in that way.

When in January last an island of the West Indies passed from Danish to United States control it was a prophetic indication of the new methods of adjusting neighborly relations. When in February the Senate passed the Literacy Test Emigration Bill over the President's veto by a vote of sixty-two to nineteen, in spite of the fact that President Wilson was but repeating the actions of President Cleveland and President Taft, it was an act looking towards an inhospitality amounting to tyranny against which the growing intelligence of the world will protest. When Russia, the long suffering empire, upset its throne, decrowned the autocratic Czar and placed itself in many respects at the head of the world's movement toward democracy, daring to declare to the world convictions which even in our boasted republic are regarded with suspicion, it signified a world unrest, a cosmic urge. It was the product of the stars that are fighting the battle of progress rather than the action of any committee or peasant combination. We talk of the "unrest of the nations" as it is seen through the eyes of the editors of daily papers, but to him who can truly read the signs of the times in century terms it is the urge of progress, the divine trend of evolution, the resistless march of spirit, it is the coming of the Son of Man predicted by the prophets and promised by the gospel.

This resistless God reveals himself now as to the discouraged Elijah in "the still small voice" more than in the roaring tempest. The quiet things are still the far reaching, potent things.

Last September the Federal Child Labor Law went into effect and every child under fourteen years of age, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf, found shelter beneath the maternal arms of the nation, too long represented by masculine severities.

The English Viceroy of India has declared that, "the endowment of British India with self-government is the goal of British rule."

Massachusetts has at last lifted the pretence of the Puritan commonwealth into efficiency by passing an

"antiaid" law which henceforth prohibits all patronage, all financial support to denominational or sectarian institutions from the state.

Over against these indications of progress and in the presence of such spectacular demonstrations of physical courage and patriotic prowess comes the humiliating revelation of dastardly cowardice on the part of the rowdies who defeated law and decency in a brutal attack upon Herbert Bigelow, the beloved pastor, the honored citizen, leader of thought and advocate of ideals. And the wicked outrages perpetrated upon innocent colored people in East St. Louis. Scarcely less humiliating was the cowardice manifested by the governors of four great states in the Middle West, who violated their oaths by violating the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution by prohibiting the right of free speech to honorable and law abiding men and women when they would discuss world problems and advance that patriotism that multiplies the citizens of the world and deems no one foreign who is human.

When in July last nearly a thousand foreign born miners in the lead districts of Missouri were forced by armed American born miners to leave in order to remove labor competition, they were affecting in one way or another the industrial movements in India, China, Japan and Africa. We may not be able to tell how or when or what, but the relation was there.

On January 22 President Wilson, addressing the Congress of the United States concerning the great war disturbance and the possible solution said:

> First of all it must be a peace without victory. The paths of the sea must alike in law and in fact be free. Military as well as naval armament must be limited. There should be a united, independent and autonomous Poland.

In April Congress passed its war resolution and the United States joined in the awful contest. Out of five hundred and eleven votes, fifty-six voted no, a negligible quantity, so small that it promptly brought upon the offending heads ridicule, contempt and loud charges of treason. What history will have to say concerning these fifty-six is hidden in the depths of the mystic future, but that they will be weighed in the balances of God, where numbers do not count and passion is eliminated, we all will gladly agree.

Any just estimate of 1917 must rejoice in the unquestioned illustration of the truth of the golden text of the Psalmist, "He maketh the wrath of God to praise Him." How radiant is the blooming into disinterestedness of what were hitherto torpid lives, the tireless industry of previously lazy souls, the enthusiasm of what were previously stolid spirits, how our conservatism has been exploded. Those who have heretofore used the "britching," the hold-back part of the harness, have lunged into the collar and are pulling forward the car of progress. Government control of mines, foods and railroads, the quickening of medical and surgical science, the speeding up of the creative machinery, physical and spiritual, are all by-products of the turmoil, achievements that will remain after the smoke of battle has blown away. Aeroplanes, which are the last strategic hope of our war department, are teaching us how to fly in the interest of science and religion, to enjoy the peace that will pass the military understanding.

In this place and hour we are justified in speaking a word of an eventful year for All Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre. It was a glow point in our history when the workers and founders of Abraham Lincoln Centre were asked to give religious interpretation to the restored shrine at the humble birthplace of Abraham Lincoln in Kentucky.

It was an event more significant than I can understand or interpret that has brought UNITY into closer touch with the Free Religious Association with its headquarters in Boston after its fifty years of prophetic testimony to the universalities of religion and the spiritual bonds that bind the ages and the races in brotherhood.

It was a triumph of the year that in less exciting times would have been more noteworthy that brought within our walls and on to this platform W. W. Gibson, Edwin Markham and Seumas MacManus, and through the Open Forum Scott Nearing, Andre Tridon, Charles F. Aked, Walter Rauschenbusch and other speakers.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen has indeed been an eventful year. Its solemnities and profundities are measured by its agony. It has been a year of tears and of prayers, a year that has developed unexpected resources, physical and spiritual; may we not hope that in these last days of the year we may see the dawn? We have sought peace through strife. We have undertaken to disarm tyranny and autocracy with a more fierce use of armament; can we not now see the breaking of the dawn?

In the great crises of life it is but a step from fame to infamy. He who has been in the right may in a reckless or a blind moment put himself permanently in the wrong. It is more benignant in this crisis to seek to *end* the war rather than to *win* it. May our country be touched with the spirit of prophecy rather than by the lust of conquest. May we lead rather than follow the forces that are seeking a change of venue for the great trial. May we not carry the case between the nations from the council chamber of Cæsar to the altars of the Christ.

We have been tutored of war. Our President reluctantly led us into war; history may justify that step; now let him lead in the work of peace and history will crown him with undying glory. If not to him then to another will be given the crown. The world is ready to listen to the voice of reason. Humanity is weary of war. It is ready for peace. May 1918 complete the task begun by 1917. Let wrath give way to reason and hatred give place to love. At least let this be our closing prayer at the end of this terrible but great year.

For myself I could not but add a benediction to this last sentence in sending a word across the spaces, knowing not where it may fall, believing that in this emergency every impulse starts a wave, however humble, that will not cease until it has reached the confines of the great sea of love and human sympathy. So for myself I sent last night the following dispatch to President Wilson:

> **A war weary world looks to you for leadership in the movement to end the desperate struggle by means of conference and mutual concession. The league of nations hoped for can begin no more auspiciously than in a council of peace. Hesitation here may put our nation, otherwise right, hopelessly in the wrong. It is within your power**

to place the United States at the head of the column that is forming in all nations in the interest of a peace won by the triumphs of reason and love rather than by battlefield violence. We beg of you to devote your great talent to this end.

Nineteen seventeen is behind us and nineteen eighteen is before us. Let us ring the hope bells.

Lead us Father, in the way of love, touch us with a new desire for usefulness, strengthen us with the conscious bond of brotherhood that binds each to each and all to thee now and forevermore. Amen.

Outlook for Universal Peace

The outlook for universal peace is dark enough if it must come through battlefield triumphs. It has been a deadlock between the armies for many months. The Central Powers have exhausted their invading possibilities, but their defensive possibilities are yet great, and when the "victory" comes, it will carry with it battlefield humiliations on the one hand and battlefield triumphs on the other; both parties still brooding armies, inspired by fear which the war philosophers will call "preparedness," the "never-again" argument of the men whose ultimate trust of national integrity and power rests in armies and navies.

The outlook for universal peace "without victory," secured by negotiation, diplomacy, statesmanship and a belated Christianity, is bright. All of the religious forces, as expressed in the social conscience, war weariness and a revival of ethical enthusiasm, are at work in all the belligerent countries, and a mobilization of the peoples in all the countries will surely come. They only wait for adequate leadership. Pope Benedict has put himself at the head of the column. The United States still has the possibility of mobilizing the pacific forces of Europe and America if it is not already paralyzed by its war ambitions and its militant exigencies. If neither the Pope nor the United States is equal to the leadership, then the long suffering third party in this world catastrophy, the innocent neutral powers, will assert themselves, officially or unofficially, and a "sure-enough" peace council will be called on neutral ground, preferably some capital city in South America, Copenhagen or The Hague. Such a convention will set up such a standard and offer such a program as the army-laden powers will not dare to ignore. The roar of the cannon deafens the ears of those at the front, but far in the rear the cry of orphans, the prayer of widows, the demand of science and the inspirations of religion are even now declaring for a peace that is as imminent as it is inevitable. Just beyond and above the battle smoke, the flags of all the belligerent powers are rimmed with white in token of the higher patriotism that is international, which makes loyalty to the nation synonymous with loyalty to the race.

The Liberal Review. *Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

"But, O the rapture of the Christmas Day
That celebrates a captive world's release,
That binds the bonds of brotherhood for aye,
And crowns the Prince of Peace."

THE SUMMONS.

Hate is the thing that will save mankind;
We love too much in our witless way,
Pulpit, sinner and state allied,
We are too smug in our peace and pride,
Nation of blind men leading blind
We are all too dull in the psalms we say
In the hymns we sing and the prayers we pray—
Insults flung in the face of Him
And his flaming cherubim.
Hate is the call we are waiting for,
Trumpeting high o'er the boom of war,
A hate so strong and a hate so wide
No wrong can stand in its ruthless tide.
Hate of tyranny, hate of lies,
Hate of the world's hypocrisies.
Hate of arrogance, hate of sword,
Hate of systems that mock the Lord;
Hate of prayers to the Prince of Peace
For terror and war to cease.

Love is the thing that will save mankind,
We hate too much in the sordid way,
Pulpit, sinner and state the same
Our wrath is fanning the brutal flame:—
Hate of Germany, furious, blind;
Hate of English, or hate of Slav;
Hate of foes and the gains they have . . .
We are far too fierce in the prayers we pray
In the deeds we do and the things we say—
Insults flung in the face of God
While war is drenching the sod!
Love is the call we are waiting for,
Trumpeting high o'er the boom of war—
Not love that sits in a silken pew
And plays the game of the fattened few
Pleading for peace that *man* must make
While shells are sold for the Lord Christ's sake,
But love that hates with a hate divine
The savage call of the firing line
Where man, whose every pulse is love
Must kill, kill! For the king above;
Kill, kill! Though his sad heart break,
Kill, kill! For his country's sake.
Hate is the power that will save the world;
We hold too hard to the outworn things,
Nations bending before the rod
In the blood-red path their fathers trod,
Keeping the time-worn flag unfurled;—
Love of "honor" and love of kings,
Love of war and the wrath it brings,
Love of money and love of creed
In face of the sad world's need.
Hate is the summons, loud and late. . .
Hate that is love, love that is hate.
A hate so strong and a love so wide
No wrong can stand in their ruthless tide.
Love for the peoples wrecked by war,
Hate of the goals they grovel for.
Hate of jealousy, hate of strife,
Love for the humblest human life,
O, Christ, most passionate Lover of all,
Help us to answer thy trumpet call . . .
Rally all nations under the sun,
Thy warring peoples pledge as one
In a great world-oath of brotherhood
To toil for the Future's good.
If we hate with a hate that is pure enough,
And love with a love that is sure enough,
Thy Dream for man shall yet have birth,
Thy kingdom come on earth!

—*Angela Morgan.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE HOLIDAYS AT LINCOLN CENTRE

Some five major events and various minor ones not less delightful marked the Holiday Season at All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre, where the wonted Christmas spirit of peace and love and fellowship prevailed, even though the world's suffering and hatred again precluded, as in the three Christmases just past, the usual sense of joy and merriment from all but the younger groups. But it is the belief and practice of the Lincoln Centre that permanent values must be cherished and conserved even in war time, and that the spiritual and material welfare of the coming generation must not be sacrificed to the sorrows and mistakes of the present generation, and so every effort was made that the children might take away with them into the sad, elder world even more than their usual share of the beautiful spirit of Christmas.

In chronological order, the first event to occur was the Christmas party for the Junior Boys and Girls at the Centre, which took place on Tuesday afternoon, December 18th. A brilliantly lighted tree, the singing of Christmas carols by the groups trained in the Music Department, and of "Holy Night" and the Luther Cradle Hymn by Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson, the telling of the story of Christmas in Norway and the reading of the lovely Field and Riley Christmas poems by Mr. Jones, the playing of games, dancing, refreshments, and gay boxes of candy given out by Lincoln Centre's own Santa Claus, made this event a pleasure for the heads of the departments and the Lincoln Centre workers who were assisting, as well as for the two hundred children.

On Wednesday night occurred the annual Christmas party of the Lincoln Centre Mothers' Club, at which some hundred parents and forty children joined in the good time. A program arranged by the club included vocal and instrumental selections, a reading by Miss May York, and a word of welcome from Mr. Jones in which he emphasized the fact that Christmas is and has always been the festival of the child, the day particularly set apart for the delight and well-being of all children everywhere. Refreshments and an hour of social dancing, closing with the Virginia Reel, completed the success of the second of the Christmas entertainments.

The Friday night and Sunday dinner hours were made times of special Christmas delight for the Lincoln Centre residents, the participation of both Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus and the presence of the organist and the soloist adding greatly to everyone's enjoyment.

On Saturday occurred the Sunday School party in which again Christmas games, this time directed by Miss Ruth Pearson, of the Chicago Playground System, songs and carols, vocal and instrumental solos, recitations, and the story told by Mr. Jones of the ancient and pagan origins of the Christmas festival and the universality of its message, delighted all who were there. The opening of the children's penny banks, whose contents, amounting in all to the surprising sum of Twenty-two Dollars, were by a majority vote of the children used to give Christmas to such neighboring children as would not otherwise have any Christmas, constituted an interesting feature of the afternoon. The "Spirit of Christmas" came out from among the branches of her tree to speak of love and forgiveness and kindliness as the essentials of Christmas joy; a group of wassailers appeared and sang an ancient wassail song; the inevitable refreshments were served and the children dismissed after a final march about the tree.

In accordance with the custom of many years, Mr. and Mrs. Jones kept open house for their friends and the friends of All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre in the Parsonage on New Year's night. Some 75 guests enjoyed a social hour and a program of poetry readings by Mr. Jones and solos by Miss Johnson.

The two high points of the Holiday time are always the Festival on Christmas Sunday, in which church and Sunday School unite, and the Annual Review Sermon on the closing Sunday of the year. Some mention of these should close this sketch, though no words are adequate to convey the spirit of these services which this year seemed touched by even greater beauty and solemnity than on previous occasions. Fortunately, the Annual Review Sermon is printed in its entirety in this issue of UNITY so that all UNITY'S readers may receive the inspiration of the breadth and scope of its survey of the year's literary output, events and deaths, its fine prophetic spirit, and its tremendous courage.

This year at the Christmas Festival, a processional of the Sunday School children, led by Miss Johnson and singing, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," brought to the pulpit beautiful Bible texts, lettered in red and green on white cards which were arranged in a pyramid on either side of the graceful, silver-trimmed Christmas tree, "Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men" surmounting the whole. The usual lovely Christmas service of All Souls Church followed led by Mr. Jones, the responses and carols being participated in by all the congregation, and closing with a quaint Christmas folk song of the Breton peasants, sung by Miss Jennie Johnson. Mr. Jones, in his brief talk, after emphasizing the texts the children brought to him, spoke again of the universality of the Christmas message and of the world brotherhood of love and peace taught by the Nazarene whose birthday is celebrated at this time of the ancient festival of the lengthening year.

"In the future as in the past,
With our enemies as with our friends,
In death as in life,
The democracy of human love,
The teachings of Jesus of Nazareth,
The spirit and power of the Eternal,
Alone shall transform the world
And establish peace and brotherhood." Q.

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Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.
—EMERSON.

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